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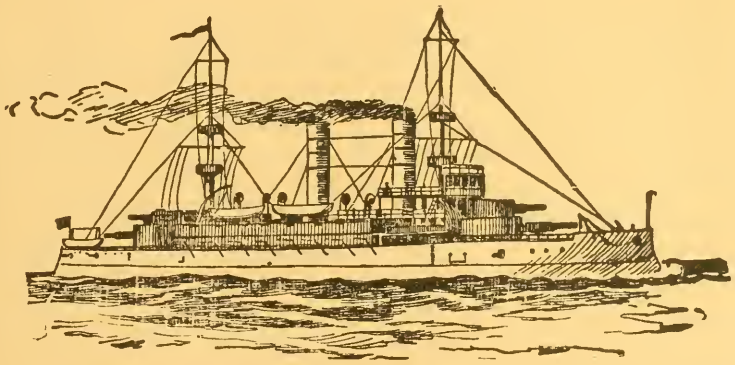

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# A Memorial Service for Our Sailor-Soldier Dead

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Madison, Wisconsin
1913

Dept. of Wisc.

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# A MEMORIAL SERVICE

FOR OUR

# SAILOR - SOLDIER DEAD

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It is coming to be the custom on Memorial Day to visit the waters flowing to the sea, whether brooklets or broad rivers, there to strew flowers upon their surface in memory of the sailor-soldier dead who gave their lives for the life of our nation. This little service book is printed for such an occasion. It may be used by Grand Army men, by any of our patriotic societies, or by schools. It is particularly adapted to the use of schools, for without the presence of a company of boys and girls all our memorial services would lose half their significance.

In the presentation of this program the Leader may be the commander or patriotic instructor of a Grand Army Post, corresponding officers of any other patriotic society, a teacher or older pupil of a school. It would be well to have the part of the leader committed to memory.

Where practicable the service may best be held upon a bridge, whence the flowers, having been dropped upon the water, may be seen floating away toward the sea.

Let those who recite or speak bring bouquets of flowers, and, while speaking,—where the words make such action appropriate,—strew the blossoms upon the water. Every one on the program may well bring his or her floral tribute, dropping it upon the stream at a fitting time. It would not be out of place to have a few minature flags among the flowers.

The children may be divided into two groups, one to pass along the edge of the bridge—dropping flowers—just before each of the two recitations.

If thought best, some one who can speak to a purpose might be invited to give, just after the second song, a brief talk upon

the significance of this memorial service. This talk should be as impressive as practicable.

Country schools near a rural bridge—flowers all about—may make much of this water service. With some modification it may be used at a riverside or lakeside.

## PROGRAM

Our National Hymn, America, by all present.

## AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
  To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by they might,
  Great God our King.

## ADDRESS BY THE LEADER.

Not all the fighting for our flag was done on land. There were battles on the sea, and some of the most heroic deeds were done there—some of the most brilliant victories won. Brave men on battleships coasted up and down our shores keeping close guard over our seaports and intercepting blockade runners, while others sailed away to distant seas in pursuit of armed vessels whose business it was to destroy our unarmed merchant ships.

Union gunboats accompanied and aided our armies in all their battles along our great rivers. It is doubtful if, without the help of our warships, the Union forces could have got possession of New Orleans; or, without our ironclad gunboats, could have taken Vicksburg, opened up the Mississippi river and thus cut the Confederacy in two.

It would have been all but impossible for our army to come into possession of Mobile had not the intrepid Farragut—lashed to the mast of his flag-ship—fought his way into Mobile Bay and captured the almost impregnable forts that guarded the city.

Had not that new-fangled little gunboat, the Monitor, appeared in Hampton Roads in just the nick of time to destroy the Confederate Merrimac, that formidable ironclad would no doubt have made its way up the Potomac to Washington and battered down our national Capitol; and then gone even to New York and Boston and had those cities at her mercy.

If the ever-vigilant Union warship, the Kearsarge, had not caught and sunk the formidable Confederate privateer, the Alabama, she might have gone on indefinitely destroying our merchant vessels, with millions of dollars of property belonging to loyal American citizens.

Some of our naval battles were among the fiercest ever fought, and nowhere were more brilliant victories won than on the sea. Thousands of our sailor-soldiers were killed in defense of Old Glory or sank with their ships into watery graves, the old flag floating over them being the last sight to greet their closing eyes.

It is in memory of heroes such as these that we to-day strew flowers upon these waters on their way to the great wide sea,

where they gave for the life of our nation the last full measure of devotion—their own young and joyous lives. May this simple, grateful service increase our love and devotion for the old flag under which they died.

## PRAYER

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we remember as individuals and as nations our dependence upon thee for every good and perfect gift. As our fathers in the days of old trusted in thy love and thy guidance, so do we now trust in thee. Help us to be as thankful to thee as we are dependent upon thy wisdom and power.

With tender thoughts we recall to-day the heroic devotion and unselfish deeds of those who on land and sea served their day and age, thereby bequeathing to us the priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty. We strew these flowers upon the waters flowing to the sea as our tribute on behalf of a hundred million people in this and every other land who are sheltered and protected by our flag. Our comrades who went "down to the sea in ships" met there not only the fateful engines of death, but also the many perils of the mighty deep. Without their service and self-sacrifice the stars on our flag could not to-day shine in their stainless glory—and our republic be undivided.

Many of our soldier-sailor dead rest to-day a hundred fathoms deep in graves we cannot mark, yet thou knowest them all, and they are in thy loving care; for thou holdest the waters of the earth in the hollow of thine omnipotent hand until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and "mortality shall be swallowed up of life."

May thy rich blessing rest upon this simple service; and may the spirit and influence of its observance abide with us and our children's children," exalting our nation in righteousness," until thy will be done among men as it it done in Heaven.

We ask all this in the name of Him who tasted death for all of us. Amen.

## RECITATION

For Water Service on Memorial Day.

H. W. R.

We've searched through meadows, fields and woods,
God's own flower gardens bright,
For roses red and violets blue,
And daisies pure and white.
With grateful, loving hearts we bring
These fragrant, sweet spring flowers
In memory of the honored dead
Who saved this land of ours.

We strew these blossoms on the stream
A-flowing to the sea,
A tribute to the sailors brave
Who fought for liberty,—
Who died a-fighting for our flag
Upon the ocean wave;
And far away from home and friends
Found there a wat'ry grave.

And as we watch them float away
Toward the great wide sea
Where sleep our sailor-soldier dead
Of honored memory,
We think with loyal gratitude
Of those brave men who gave
Their lives and all that they held dear
Our country's flag to save.

Long may our starry banner bright
Float over land and sea,
Proud emblem of the land we love,—
Of law and liberty.
Long may our land in peace abide,
And righteousness prevail;
May courage, purity and truth,
With love, among us dwell.

Let us be soldiers for the right,
In these blest days of peace,—
Enlisted for the common good,
Our service ne'er to cease.
Let us stand up against the wrong,
As brave and true as they
For whom we bring these fragrant flowers
On this Memorial Day.

## SONG FOR WATER SERVICE.

EBEN E. REXFORD

AIR: "*We Shall Meet But We Shall Miss Him.*" *

Sweetest blossoms of the spring-time,
From the meadows and the hill,
Scatter o'er the graves of heroes
Who, tho' dead, are living still.
But, alas, how many brave ones
Who their lives for Freedom gave.
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking
Underneath the ocean wave.

Chorus:—Brooks and rivers, bear love's tribute
To the dead in stream or sea,—
Tell them how a nation honors
Those who died to make men free.

Dead are they, but not forgotten,
Tho' their graves we cannot see;
And to-day we pay our tribute
To each brave one's memory.
Scatter blossoms on the waters
Soon to merge with ocean's wave,
And the tide will bear the message
That we send to every grave.

Chorus:—

Wind and wave, take thou the blossoms
That to-day we give to thee;
Tell the dead that we remember
Heroes of the land and sea.
Bear them where the dead are lying
In death's last untroubled sleep,
Freighted with love's tender message
To our heroes 'neath the deep.

Chorus:—

*This tune may be found in most collections of war-time songs.

If thought best a short talk may be given here.

## RECITATION

### *Flow Gently On*

MRS. OLYETTE ELLIS

Flow gently on, O shining stream,
Flow softly as a pleasant dream;
Pause not where dimpling eddies whirl,
Nor where the water lilies swirl;
But down through larger streams, O glide,
And on through rivers deep and wide
Keep these fair flowers we trust to thee;
Until they reach the boundless sea;
Then let them rest upon the waves
Above our honored heroes' graves.

Flow on where smile the gentle hills
That feed thee with their laughing rills;
Flow on through pleasant meadow land,
And on where rocks in grandeur stand;
Flow on where bridges span thy way,
And on, though clouds obscure the day;
Flow on where trees lean fondly down—
On, on past busy mill and town;
And bear these flowers to coral caves
Where soldiers sleep in sailors' graves.

Float on, bright blossoms, to the seas,
And bear our tear-fraught memories
To those who died our flag to save—
And sank within an ocean grave.
Brave souls! they heard their country's call
And deemed it joy for her to fall.
Float on beneath the sunshine bright;
And on 'neath starry skies at night:
May flags and flowers we send to-day
Sink on some hero's breast, we pray.

We honor you, O patriots brave,
Who loyally and freely gave
Your lives to save our UNION grand
From ruin by a hostile band.
We honor you, and place each name
In annals of our Nation's fame,
Boys of the Navy, brave and true,
Who sank beneath the waters blue.
Sleep on, sleep on 'neath crested waves,
Rocked gently in deep ocean graves.

## SOME SUGGESTIONS

Let it be remembered that in Wisconsin there is a Memorial Day Badge—for everybody, young and old. It is a miniature flag, to be worn in front of the left shoulder.

From the very nature of the case, we survivors of the war for the life of our nation must by-and-by answer to the last roll-call; and then the loving service of strewing flowers over the little mounds where sleep our patriotic dead must be performed—if at all—by those who are now our little citizens. It is well for us who still live to seek to cultivate the most cordial relations with our boys and girls. It should be our pleasure to attend their patriotic exercises at school on the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, but especially those in connection with Memorial Day,—not to talk unless urged to do so, and then briefly and with a patriotic purpose in view,—but to listen to their prepared programs; and then to thank both them and their teachers for what they are doing to cultivate a love for the country we fought to save for them, and a reverence for our country's flag.

It is coming to be a custom—a most fitting custom—to plant in the school yard a Grand Army Memorial Tree; or, where there are already trees enough on the grounds, to dedicate the best one of all to the Grand Army, and to name it after some man who was once a good soldier and has been since the war a worthy and useful citizen. Let me suggest this as a part of the program at school this year in which comrades, teachers and pupils may well unite.

We do well to honor and preserve our patriotic traditions.

I shall be glad to receive from comrades and school people either written or printed accounts of patriotic services of all kinds in connection with Memorial Day. Please send them to me at the Capitol, Madison.

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